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Hansen, Ferdinand

The unrepentant Northcliffe

Hamburg

[1921]

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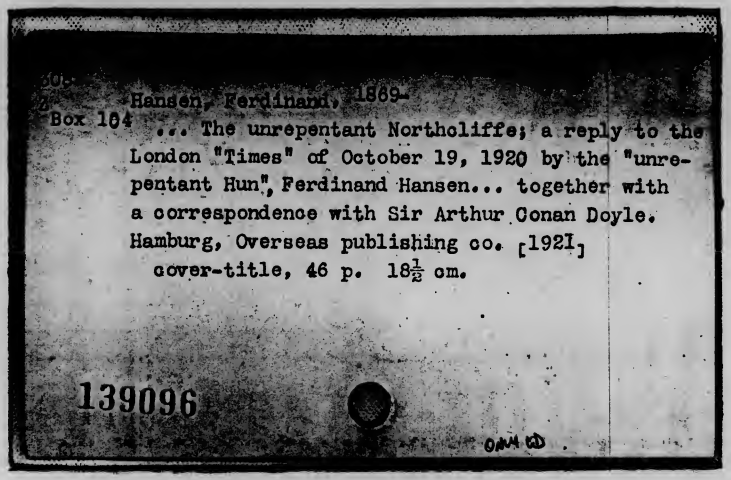
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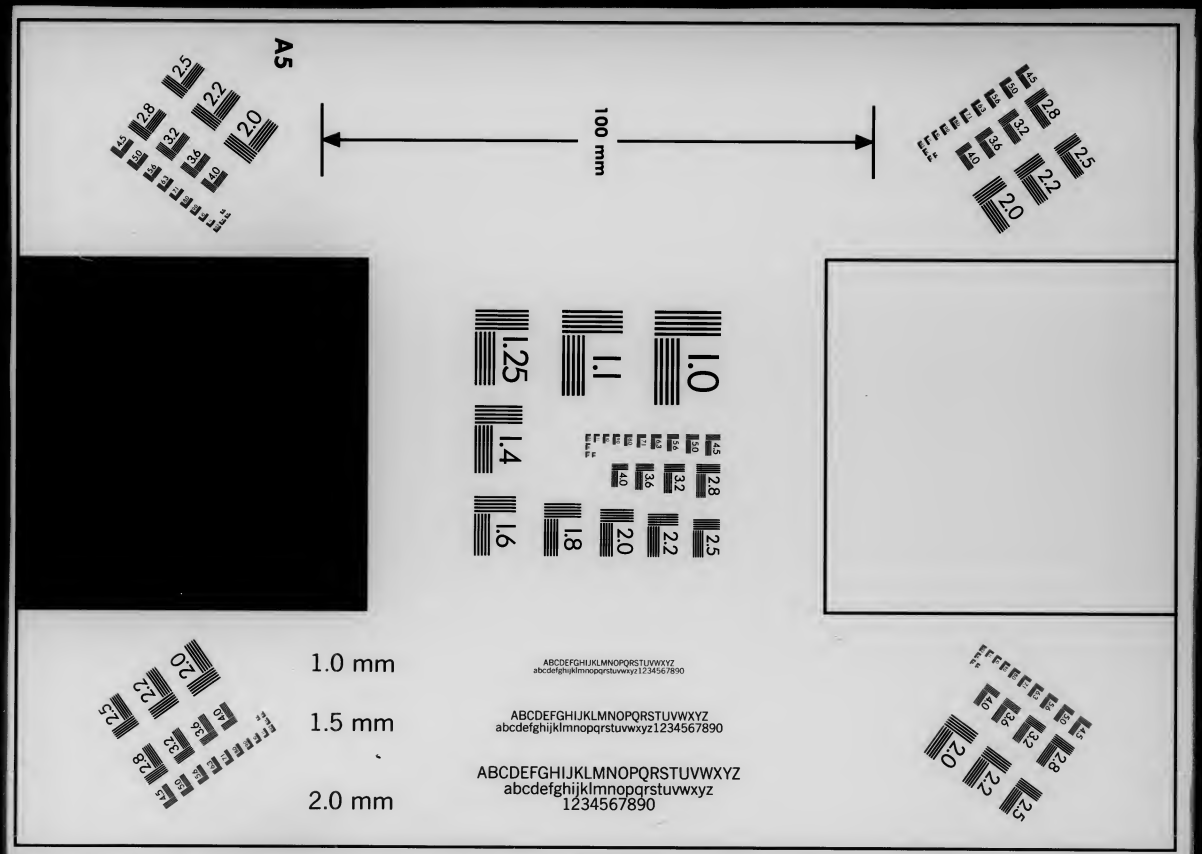
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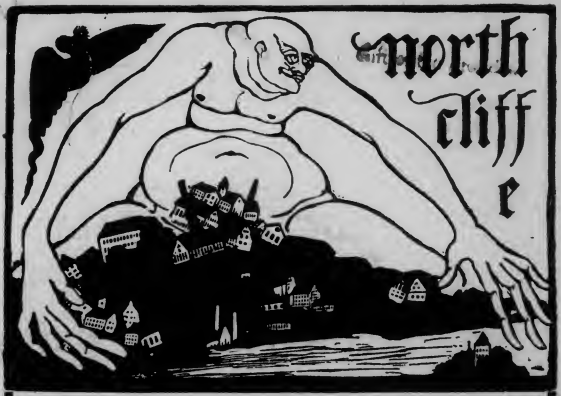

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Box 114

THE UNREPENTANT NORTHCLIFFE

A Reply to the London "Times" of October 19, 1920

by the

"Unrepentant Hun"

FERDINAND HANSEN

of New York

*

Together with a Correspondence with

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

*

OVERSEAS PUBLISHING CO.
HAMBURG 15

Facsimile of the heading of the article in the London "Times," Oct. 19, 1920, pages 13 and 14.

UNREPENTANT GERMANY.

ENGLAND STILL THE ENEMY.

PROPAGANDA IN NEW FORM.

SEEKING TO DIVIDE THE ALLIES.

There are people who suppose that German propaganda has ceased with the war. Not a bit of it ! - It has taken new forms and is followed under new disguises, but it is permeated by the unchanging spirit of animosity and hatred which singled out England as the chief mark of its ferocity from the beginning of the struggle to its close.

We have before us a copy of "An Open Letter to an English Officer," written in English by a hyphenated German-American named Hansen, who has seen fit, doubtless for compelling reasons, to return to the land of his birth, now being circulated in this country and presumably in the United States, which affords abundant evidence that the mind of those for [illegible] has wholly failed to learn the [illegible] of the

With Compliments of

Ferdinand Hansen

President

Romanoff Caviar Company

THE UNREPENTANT NORTHCLIFFE

"Tannenhof," Neu-Schönningstedt,
Near Reinbek, District of Hamburg.
November 1920

My Lord:

It was only through the vigilance of a friend in Berlin that your attack upon my pamphlet "An Open Letter to an English Officer, and Incidentally to the English People," came to my eyes. You did me the honour of devoting two columns of your *Times* newspaper of October 19th, 1920, to quotation and abuse of my point of view.

It is not often that I see the London *Times* in this country. And yet it was formerly sold at most news-stands throughout Germany, and read not only by travelling Englishmen, but by thousands of Germans — most of whom show the inferiority of their *Kultur* by being able to read and speak English. Judging by the fact that enemy papers were permitted to circulate here during the war and were freely read by the people (a great stupidity on the part of the German government), and by the reappearance at the newspaper kiosks of some of the most venomous Entente sheets, it is clear that the German has not levied any particular boycott against such

organs. The scarcity of the *Times* is therefore very significant — and it is equally clear that thousands of Germans no longer wish to defile their eyes or hands with your notorious sheet. In my own circle of acquaintances there are numerous Hamburg merchants and shipping-men who were once yearlong readers of the *Times* but who today would not touch it with a pair of tongs. Besides, who would pay as much today for your newspaper as would formerly have bought an excellent book?

Those Germans who for one reason or another require an English newspaper have now subscribed to *The Manchester Guardian*, one of the few English journals which maintain the better traditions of English newspaperdom — traditions which you — more than any other man — have worked to destroy ever since your millions enabled you to buy up the once reputable *Times*.

One of my friends is of the opinion that your two column attack upon my little brochure represents a "huge success." But then he is a native American who regards the matter chiefly from the standpoint of publicity. I, as an experienced and I may say, successful American business man, value advertisement through publicity only when it is followed by an increased demand for the commodity advertised. It was not, of course, as a business man that I wrote the "Open Letter," and I am well aware of the tribute you pay me in singling out my pamphlet for special attack in the expensive columns of the *Times*.

You were, to be sure, careful not to mention the name of the publishing house nor to give my address, and yet one might have assumed that after the hue-and-

cry you had made about my little book, there would have been some little demand for it, if only out of curiosity. One might have thought that wide-awake Germans, seeing the success the thing had been in drawing the thunder of the "Thunderer," would have been eager to help circulate it. Or that the number of those enlightened Englishmen who wrote me when the pamphlet first appeared, that "it was exactly the kind of medicine John Bull needs," and asked for extra copies to distribute, would have been increased by your onslaught upon it. But then Englishmen of that sort are no longer in the habit of reading the *Times*. At all events, it will please you to hear that your free advertisement of the "Open Letter" did me no practical good, unless the parts you quoted spoke for themselves to the more intelligent and fair-minded among your readers.

Before I proceed to answer you, Sir, I deem it necessary to go into some detail upon the subject of this pamphlet. First of all, any honest person who has taken the trouble to read it as carefully as you or your scribe have done, will acknowledge that it was merely a "heart-to-heart talk" wtih Major White. But then I said *honest* person. Had I not met this English officer in December, 1918, this pamphlet might never have been written. In June 1919, I distributed free of charge the first 2000 copies to friends, acquaintances and the public in general, as I had already done with other pamphlets from the beginning of the war until the United States, my adopted country, declared war against the country of my birth. I published nothing until December 29, 1918, when I addressed a letter to President Wilson, then still wearing his mask, and at the height of his

glory. This letter was printed as an advertisement in *Vorwärts*, and in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. Your corrupt *Daily Mail*, true to its practice, pretended that this was an editorial of *Vorwärts* itself.

Wherever the "Open Letter" fell into the hands of Germans who had been abroad and made a somewhat closer acquaintance with English character than those at home, even to the extent of having been robbed of their all by the Imperial Pirate, it was greeted with enthusiasm. I even received letters of commendation from English publicists, clergymen and M.Ps. From America came a number of cheering letters from editors, professors, merchants and others who had not succumbed to the poison you and your beach-comber ally, John Revelstoke Rathom of the notorious *Providence Journal* (whose systematized lying has been recently laid bare) pumped into the blood of my fellow-citizens. A number of neutrals were also good enough to say that my little brochure had helped to riddle a number of the Entente's favourite lies and calumnies.

Among the German public, the press and officialdom the booklet fell flat. Many no doubt even eyed it with disapproval and considered me a troublesome meddler. Not a single German paper gave it any notice. The general ineptitude and shortsightedness of the Germans in all that pertains to propaganda, became more clear to me than ever. Not one of the great corporations, political societies, Chambers of Commerce and the like saw in this an opportunity for enlightening English-reading persons everywhere as to the real issues of the war. I must, however, make an exception of two or three firms, which, knowing that my own funds were limited, sent in orders for several thousand copies.

Major White, an excellent gentleman, was, to be sure, only a peg upon which I could hang my general address, just as Lord Northcliffe, neither excellent nor a gentleman, is merely a kind of crook on which I may hang this explanation and refutation of some of the orthodox British falsehoods and errors. I mention this merely in order that you may be under no illusions as to my personal attitude, or imagine for a moment that you have to do with an American who is conscious, like many of our snobs, of any particular honour in addressing a Lord — even a new-baked one with a negotiated title. A prominent Irish-American expressed surprise that I should have wasted so much space and attention upon an obscure English officer. But since you have given me the opportunity I will gladly prove that I am not averse to tackling bigger game. Your importance and your pre-eminence in evil-doing I willingly recognize.

A particularly pleasant result of the circulation of the "Open Letter" in England was the effect it produced upon the all-red-eyed patriotism of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The utterances of this blustering Termagentes during the war furnish the pathology of patriotism with some wonderful material — John Bull running amok in jingoistic frenzy and lashing out furiously in all directions. Who would imagine that this man could ever have concocted such clever specimens of induction and deduction as his Sherlock Holmes stories? During the war he saw nothing but German devils — just as now he has taken to spook-chasing and table-rapping. My brief but pointed correspondence with this gallant knight of the pen will be found in the Appendix.

What you are pleased to call "propaganda in a new form" had really very little success in what you are pleased to call "Unrepentant Germany." It is not easy even to give away things of this sort in Germany. If you do not send along a letter explaining why you have taken the trouble or liberty of sending the addressee a pamphlet, it is quite likely that you may have it returned to you — something which has happened to me in spite of the explanatory letter. The German wishes to select his own reading matter, though he may be willing to read something recommended to him by a friend with whose views he is familiar. He is suspicious of intellectual interference from the outside. A Northcliffe — thank Heaven — would be impossible in Germany.

Since my arrival in Hamburg at Christmas, 1915, I have had fairly regular monthly meetings with three of my closest school and boyhood friends. (I must beseech your Lordship to be patient — these are all very instructive and significant details for a Minister of Propaganda in Enemy Countries). All three have made their mark in life — two are independently rich. All three approve of my private propaganda work and the fight I am making, and are aware of the great expense connected with it, and that I shall be at the end of my means in the near future. Two of these friends give large sums to support their reactionary political parties. Not one of the three, however, has ever offered to help me in any way whatsoever. With the exception of the assistance given me by the liberal-minded firms of which I have spoken, I distributed at my own expense and through my own personal efforts some 16,000 copies of the "Open Letter" — the cost of printing in such times as these I need not enter upon. I mention these

facts in order to expose at the very beginning the utter falsity and hypocrisy of your statements in the *Times*. Having opened this malodorous oyster, let us now examine the meat.

Four big headlines stare me in the face, topping the columns you have devoted to me, and all are in "caps." *(See fac-simile)*

UNREPENTANT GERMANY
ENGLAND STILL THE ENEMY
PROPAGANDA IN NEW FORM
SEEKING TO DIVIDE THE ALLIES.

For once, my lord Liar, you have been caught in your own trap. It is not long ago, since with a cynicism and a shamelessness which would have been revolting in any one with a more normal mentality and morale than yourself, you revealed the corrupt, crooked and criminal methods by which you had carried on your infamous work as Minister of Propaganda in Enemy (and friendly) Countries, as Britain's Official Disseminator of Official Lies.

In the *Evening News* of September 9, 1920, you complacently publish a review of Sir Campbell Stuart's book, "Secrets of Crewe House," with such headlines as the following: "Bombing the Enemy with Truth. The Inner Story of a Great War Triumph. No Man's Land Gramophones. Millions of Leaflets Sapped Germany's Moral." In this you cover yourself with praise and describe how the hideous machinery you instituted at Crewe House helped to complement the work of the hideous machinery at Carmelite House. It is true that you used different methods. Carmelite House was the distributing centre of all the dirt and foulness which drove England, America and other English-speaking

communities in which dense ignorance prevails as to European affairs, to delirium and degradation.

When you wished to influence the Germans, however, you found it expedient to resort to the truth, or to some semblance of the truth. You, even you, were aware that the commonest German is usually better educated than the average middle-class Englishman. But you found it easy to tell these gallant men fighting for their country's life, their liberties, their right and their children's right to work and to exist, — for once you found it easy to tell them the truth. Based upon the American cannon-fodder which Wilson the Infamous placed at the disposal of British Militarism, you were able to overwhelm with depressing facts and figures, these starved, exhausted, desperate men, who for some four years had thrashed the whole British and French empires and colonies, white and coloured. You boasted of the millions of men America was drilling, of how many thousands arrived every day to be shipped like cattle to the front in a war which was purely the personal affair of the man Wilson. You bragged that there were 50 Allied aeroplanes to one German — notwithstanding which German quality showed its immense superiority over Allied quantity. You declared that there were, or would soon be 10 Allied soldiers fighting against one German on the West Front. You reported the hardships borne by the German civilian population at home, yes, you were not above using maudlin sentimentality to melt the hearts of the sentimental, family-loving Germans. You reported strikes and walkouts and other things calculated to discourage and depress these brave men.

Under such circumstances there was little need of your customary lying. The German soldier could see and

feel the vast numerical superiority of his foes all too well — even though some of his officers may have spread misleading reports. With the air black with areoplanes and white with millions of leaflets, he was not one to shut his eyes to the desperate situation in which he found himself. When he went home on furlough he could see the woe and misery about him all too well. When he captured prisoners — and in what vast numbers he did capture them! — how could he help contrasting their strong and well-fed appearance with his own gauntness and that of his companions? But nothing better proves the foul cowardice of this war and the muddy depths to which such creatures as you have dragged it, than the fact that such a boast should be made by a nation which once fancied that one Englishman was the equal of at least half-a-dozen foreigners at any time!

It is true, as I have said, that the situation made it easy for you to be truthful for once. Nevertheless the figures you rained from the sky were mingled with true Northcliffian falsehoods. I have seen some of these leaflets and I know what promises were held out to the hard-pressed German *Feldgrauer* — good treatment, a fair peace, the opportunity to go home to his parents, wife and children and prosper in a "free and democratic Germany." And whilst you were poisoning the ranks of the German armies, Wilson was poisoning the great masses of the German people at home with his hypocritical and lying verbiage, his false promises, his cruel, dastardly traps. And the simplicity of heart of the German people, combined with their deep and innate love of peace, made what you call the "Great War Triumph" an easy thing for the crook in Crewe House and the crook in the White House. And nothing reveals the

rottenness of the Allied Cause, its blood-thirsty, blackguard morale, and criminality more clearly than the fact that the victory over the great and advanced German nation should be due to two such scoundrels as Lord Northcliffe and his adjutant Woodrow Wilson.

"German propaganda," you declare in this *Evening News* review, "among the Allies and neutrals alike had been a failure, because it had been based on lies, and as these were exposed, its value became less than nothing. From the first the aim of Lord Northcliffe and those who worked under him was to tell our enemies the truth and nothing but the truth."

Oh, no, my dear Ananias, you are mistaken — and you are well aware, of course, that you are mistaken. German propaganda, as has been pointed out by Mr. Scheffauer, was a failure precisely because it was based on the truth, but so maladroitly put and with so little knowledge of the average mentality of the human animal, that it was bound to fall flat. German propaganda was in spirit the propaganda of scholars, privy councillors and professors. How could these honest and unworldly men cope with devils of journalism, experts in mass-poisoning like yourself? German propaganda, what there was of it, was addressed to the reason, to the intelligence, the conscience. That, too, was an error. How could such dry stuff as facts cope with the gaudy yarns, the hate hynotism, the crude und bluggy sensations you dished up — invariably addressed to the instincts and passions, and, as Mr. A. G. Gardiner has proved, the vilest instincts and passions, of the mob in Allied and neutral lands? The Germans, even though plastered with the filth your sheets vomited upon them, steadfastly refused to descend to your level. Though no people has ever suffered

greater or more undeserved provocation than the Germans, they refused even to adopt an opprobrious epithet for their foul-mouthed foes.

It is also characteristic that the British government or yourself were clever enough to hire men like H. G. Wells, and that an author of his standing should have consented to do the dirty work. H. G. Wells, a brilliant mind, but nevertheless an Englishman not regarded as a gentleman in England any more than you are regarded as a lord, was given charge of propaganda in Germany. As Wells does not understand German, it is very likely that he had German assistance. For it is the tragedy of this great, but unnational people, that it usually supplies its enemies with the brains which prove its own undoing. It is even said that you, My Lord Poisoner of the Peoples, are the descendant of a family of German Jews named Stern — from Frankfurt. I am in this merely repeating rumors and statements that will not down.

But to revert to the point of this digression. I said that for once you have been caught in your own trap.

Through the numerous spies and agents you employed, as well as through your hired bravo and satellite, the man Wile, you know or should know precisely who is who and what is what in Germany. It is certain that my pamphlet, now almost two years old, was known to you, and that my name has had the proud distinction of being inscribed on your black list. It is equally certain that inasmuch as the Germans are not making any propaganda in the English language which you could fall foul of in your unceasing efforts to bait Germany still further, it suited your purpose to fall upon this long familiar brochure of mine and call it "propaganda in a new form." And to represent my

unimportant self, and my obviously personal point of view, as that of "Unrepentant Germany."

"Seeking to divide the allies." That, too, is one of your favourite cant phrases used *ad nauseam* during the war, one of the stock cries raised whenever your helots with their rubber stamp minds found it convenient to use. There is really no need of dividing the allies — they have already done that in dividing the spoils. "When thieves fall out, honest men come by their own" — the old motto goes far to explain your attitude and your fear.

As for my seeking to divide the allies, I must indeed feel flattered, Alfred Harmsworth, in having such deep designs and potentialities attributed to me. I confess it is a rather tall order for a single German-American who has been kept away from his friends, his home and his business by Wilsonism. That I should naturally feel pleased to see that band of cut-throats, robbers and blackmailers known as the Entente, fall out among themselves and that I would facilitate that process with the greatest pleasure if it lay in my power, goes without saying. But such an ambitious plan has never entered my head. When I first wrote my pamphlet in December, 1918, I could not foresee all the criminal designs of the Big Four who have since then hatched out such a brood of evil, hatred, murder, oppression and tyranny in their infamous Peace Treaty. In the Epilogue, written at the end of May, 1919, I had already expressed my horror and disgust at the criminality and madness of this so-called Peace. And since then my aversion has been increased by the fact that there are few encouraging signs that the great masses in the so-called "victorious" lands have recognized their real enemies and their common foes — as represented by such men as yourself.

I should require the pen of a Macaulay or a Tolstoy were I to write adequately of the crimes which England has committed, not only against her former enemy, but against humanity at large, crimes so appalling and so cold-blooded that it seems more like insanity than hypocrisy that England should dare even to breathe a word against the actions of Germany in war or level one accusation against the Bolsheviki.

It is the policy of the black-coated and the red-coated Northcliffes which is responsible for such things as the massacre of 1200 harmless and unarmed Indians at Amritsar at the hands of that butcher General Dyer five hundred dead — "men, women and children," and 3600 left to writhe in their blood, and inoffensive Hindoos forced to crawl like animals on all fours through the streets of their own towns.* The bestiality of British rule has seldom been so clearly displayed — and for once the world was able to see John Bull stripped naked to his blood-stained hide. This horrible atrocity sent a shudder through the world and wherever a conscience still existed in England, a voice was raised against it. But little had mankind reckoned with the absolute, callous shamelessness, the fiendish cynicism of the English political mind, with England's invariable habit of glorifying her blackest abominations into something meritorious, moral and heroic. Public funds were opened for Butcher Dyer by the *Morning Post*, that mass of Tory Thugdom, Reaction and Militarism, and liberally did the leading people in England show their approval of this wretched mass-

* See Report of Investigation Commission of Indian National Congress, quoted by J. T. Sutherland in "The Freeman" New York, Feb. 16. 1921.

murderer's heroic feat by sending in thousands of pounds to reward him for it.

It is a question whether even the upper classes of Rome under Nero would have stooped so low as to garland and reward a cowardly slaughterer such as Dyer — but then Rome under Nero was not England under Northcliffe, and there were still a few standards of honor and courage left intact. You, with your musical comedy treatment of the war, your photographs of Tommies grinning to order, your nauseous exploitation of sex in conjunction with butchery, your infamous preaching of "The Uses of Hate," and your enthronement of what an English poet calls "the emotionalized lie," have seen to it that all the finer standards of the English have been swept into the gutter. With your *Daily Mail* you poisoned the lower, with your *Times* the upper classes of your country.*

* Another of the many examples of English brutality and the lack of moral restraints and decencies in everything that pertains to war, is the publication of a book bearing the shoddy but genuinely Northcliffian title of "German Spies at Bay," by a ghoul named Sidney Theodore Felstead. This creature gloats over the capture of these patriotic, sometimes misguided, frequently innocent men, and describes their execution with immense self-satisfaction and with that slimy unctuousness which characterizes the British Pecksniff at his worst.

Even the chair in which the unfortunate victims were shot to death, is reproduced so that the bloody-minded public may slake its curiosity and its cruelty to the full. Characteristic, too, is the cant term "Counter-spionage" constantly employed — as though the gigantic, world-wide system of British spydom were merely a kind of defensive measure. Yet these are the people who, led by the Northcliffes, Lloyd Georges, Bottomleys and even Balfours, ran amok through the world when the Germans, according to the recognized usage of war, finally executed Edith Cavell, a brave but dangerous, frequently warned and treacherous British spy, the head of an entire organisation, — who had abused not only the generosity and patience of the Germans, but had desecrated her profession as a nurse and the Red Cross under which she carried on her homicidal work.

The kind of war *you* bred is now seen in unfortunate Ireland which the British-Brutish Pirate is converting into a bloody bog and a mass of ruins, as in the times of glorious Elizabeth and Cromwell. When next you boast of English chivalry and heroism think of the more than two hundred thousand English troops, armed to the teeth and equipped with every damnable murder-apparatus of modern warfare, tanks, poison-gas, aeroplanes and flame-throwers, and a policy of true English ruthlessness — and who nevertheless cannot break the spirit of a small and truly heroic people. And when megalomania next overcomes you, think of the wretched showing the whole British Empire with all its colonies, vassal states and slaves of every colour, made against a mere fraction of the German army, and how lamentably this whole menagerie would have been thrashed had not my own adopted country, as I have already shown, thrown its gigantic resources upon your side at the eleventh hour. Even at sea the ancient British naval prestige went to smash against the young untried German navy — Coronel, Skager Rak. Jellicoe was finally forced to confess to his glorious — defeat. For the Britain of the Northcliffes can win only when odds, as at the Falkland Islands, are about ten to one in its favour. And as on sea and on land, so in the air. England could produce no airmen equal to Immelmann, Boelcke, Richthofen and many others. I mention these things, not because I have any great love for military prowess, but because it is fighting prowess which has always been a particular brag with the Anglo-Saxon and because it is proper that his inferiority to his great enemy even in this field should be brought home to the Northcliffes.

I do not question the courage of the British soldier and I have often heard German commanders praise him during the war. But there can be no doubt that you and your chief accomplice in the foul work, Horatio Bottomley, are responsible for most of the dirty fighting of which the British were guilty in this war. It is you, My Lord Dungcaster, who bred in these men the spirit that displayed itself in the *Baralong* and *King Stephen* atrocities, in the observation balloons manned with dummies loaded with dynamite to blow up the airmen that attacked them, and in that blackest of all dastardly and fiendish tricks, the bomb disguised as a baby and the sailor as a woman in order to throw the explosive into U-boats whose unsuspecting commanders had followed their chivalrous and humane feelings in an attempt at rescue. **In a thousand other ways you, like Wilson, are responsible for the intensified beastliness, horror and cruelty of war and for untold human suffering.**

It is the Northcliffe spirit which is now manifesting itself in Ireland and which has brought such things as this, related by Henry W. Nevinson in the London *Daily Herald*, describing the Black and Tan attack upon Ardfert on November 5:

"The same day a 16-year old girl named O'Connel, a daughter of a butter-maker employed at the "Dingle Creamery", was running across the road near the village, carrying a child and leading another by the hand. In a moment she fell, shot dead. Two eye-witnesses maintain that two Black and Tans had bet on which was the better shot, and one, resting his rifle on the wall, shot her."

Such is the heroism inculcated by the man whose sheets reeked and still reek with the epithet "Hun" applied to a people which, whatever its faults may be,

possesses at least the superlative virtue of not harbouring a Northcliffe like an ulcer in its flesh.

To you the war was but sport. The England which you and your papers created out of the delirium of hatred and baseness which you inaugurated, has been well described by Mr. Philip Gibbs, the reformed and repentant war correspondent in "Now It Can Be Told":

"These badly shell-shocked boys clawed their mouths ceaselessly. It was a common, dreadful action. Others sat in the field hospitals in a state of coma, dazed, as though deaf, and actually dumb. I hated to see them, turned my eyes away from them, and yet wished that they might be seen by bloody-minded men and women, who, far behind the lines, still spoke of war lightly, as a kind of sport, or heroic game, which brave boys liked or ought to like, and said; 'We'll fight on to the last man rather than accept anything less than absolute victory, and when victory came, said: 'We stopped too soon. We ought to have gone on for another three months.' It was for fighting-men to say these things, because they knew the things they suffered and risked. That word 'we' was not to be used by gentlemen in government offices scared of air-raids, nor by women dancing in scanty frocks at war-bazaars for the 'poor dear wounded,' nor even by generals at G. H. Q., enjoying the thrill of war without its dirt or danger.

"Seeing these shell-shock cases month after month during years of fighting, I, as an onlooker, hated the people who had not seen, and were callous of this misery; the laughing girls in the Strand greeting the boys on seven days' leave; the newspaper editors and leader-writers whose articles on war were always 'cheery'; the bishops and clergy who praised God as the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies, and had never said a word before the war to make it less inevitable; the Schoolmaster who gloried in the lengthening 'Roll of Honor' and said, 'We're doing very well,' when more boys died; the pretty woman-faces ogling in the picture-papers as 'well-known war workers'; the munition-workers who were getting good wages out of the war; the working-women who were buying gramophones and furs

while their men were in the stinking trenches; the dreadful, callous, cheerful spirit of England at war."

And the spirit of Northcliffe, Churchill and Bottomley which produced this England, and intensified the worst features of the English character, is as alive in peace as it was in war, even though saner voices are also heard, as always after the All-Red Pirate has pocketed the swag of his wars and such voices are no longer deemed dangerous. In a fine and moving description of the funeral procession of the latest victim of British ruthlessness, Terence MacSwiney, Beatrice Marshall, a talented English writer and a fearless champion of justice, gives us light upon this England After the War:

"A fortnight later, on the same day of the week, this spontaneous and dignified demonstration of grief was followed by an expensive and elaborate ceremony of organized hypocrisy and engineered pathos, when to the supreme farce of "two minutes pause in the Empire's heart throbs" (to quote one of the cant phrases of the Northcliffian penny-a-liners) was added the unveiling of the Cenotaph in Whitehall and the hollow absurdity of burying an "Unknown Warrior" in the sacred precincts of Westminster Abbey with full military honors. On the top of a sensational trial which closed with the acquittal of the prisoner, comes this gorgeous pageant of so-called mourning and reviving militarism, to distract the mind of the multitude from dwelling on its crying wrongs, and thus doping it into indifference to the shameful tragedy of Ireland. Capitalism pours out its millions readily, to glorify the obsequies of an "Unknown Happy Warrior" but hesitates to put its hand in its pockets to find a copper for the Unhappy *Known* Warriors, who grind organs in the gutter, and drag their starved children round the town in search of a job and a roof to cover their heads.

"A hundred thousand pounds worth of flowers are piled on the bier of the Unknown Soldier, and one cannot help thinking that such a sum would have gone a long way towards supplying some of his maimed and living comrades with the necessities and

even a few of the joys of existence and in this way it would have been spent to better purpose. For how can it benefit the soul of one who has been blown to bits for his country, to collect his shattered remains and make of them a dummy whereon to lavish all the wanton extravagance of bogus woe and martial display? . . . At the present moment hundreds called by the press "pilgrims" and "mourners", are filing past the Cenotaph, and the deluge of bunkum and bombast of which they are the theme, flows on, drowning us, in an ocean of nauseating sentimentality and crocodile tears."

Official Northcliffism continues its cruel and cowardly war against helpless and inoffensive men, even though peace is supposed to reign. Only recently the German merchants of Samoa were torn from their families and from their friends, and transported back to Germany under circumstances of great brutality — these unfortunate men being denied the right to make a living in the land which their brains, enterprise and industry had built up — before the Great Thug descended upon them. The Northcliffized mob, like its master, and the wolves, "numerically brave," is egged on to attack German seamen driven into an English port by a storm — for English human nature, once the virus of Northcliffism has entered it, can be more ruthless than the elements. The war has revealed to the world many examples of British justice and regard for law, divine, human, national and international. One of the most glaring, recent examples is the outrage committed upon a number of German seamen who had signed up on a Swedish vessel, bound for America. This Swedish vessel put in for coals at South Shields. The German seamen made no attempt to leave this neutral vessel, that is, neutral ground. They were nevertheless seized, thrown into prison and then sent back to Bremen, for in Britain's

eyes it is still a crime for a German to attempt to earn a living for himself and his family on the seas which Nature meant to be free for all men. But the list of British crimes against every law and every rule of humanity, justice and decency is without end.

I have been trying to induce my friend Herman George Scheffauer, the American author, who has given me so much help with my work, to compile a list of the more glaring of these crimes and outrages and to let his purely literary work rest for the present. I trust that he will agree to this, for he is one of the few American writers capable of handling this subject, and he has had a close insight into Northcliffism through his long residence in London and what he has himself suffered during the war. His name must be known to you since you were accustomed to commission him to write articles for your papers and magazines. Though fond of English life and though married to an Englishwoman, he found it impossible to remain in England after you and your like had obtained the upper hand there and poisoned the bread and water and air with your filth. And so he went to Germany in the Spring of 1915, with no other purpose than to inform our fellow-Americans of the truth concerning this country — the same reason for which I went to Germany. Before he left, liberal offers were made him to engage in English propaganda, for the English were clever enough to realize the value of his powerful pen — something the Germans have been too short-sighted to do, even though he was one of the very few American writers who supported the German cause.

The British have taken their revenge in their customary way by lying about him and by attempting to represent

him as a German agent, though everybody here knows that in certain timid and abject official circles his fearless and independent language always occasioned qualms and flutterings. The English have also taken their revenge upon him in another customary way, for though a native American citizen, a Californian, the British government lawlessly and in violation of the sovereignity of the United States over its own nationals, confiscated his bank deposit. This, I understand, has not been returned to this day. The household possessions belonging to him and his English wife, furniture, a splendid library of rare books, pictures, clothing, manuscripts, the entire earthly belongings of these two poets, were plundered and ransacked by the English gentry who occupied the house in Russell Square in which they had been stored. If a man with the gifts, experience and foresight of Scheffauer had been asked by the old Imperial government to advise it in its propaganda (of which, despite your hue-and-cry, there was practically very little) and this government had had some of your ways and means at its command, you would never have succeeded in poisoning the United States and other countries, and the World War might have had another ending. I have also tried to induce my friend to write an article or series of articles showing the failure of German propaganda, its shortsightedness and stupidity and the obstinacy and arrogance of mind of certain official circles, but he writes: "It is hopeless — the old spirit still prevails. Any man with an imagination or a spark of emotion is suspect. And analysis will not effect a cure in these quarters."

This condition, of course, is perfectly well-known to the inner circle of Entente crooks, even if the enemy commissions now prowling through Germany like a band

of ghouls or hyenas, continue to support their official lies. Besides you have not hesitated to send over your own hired spies. During the war you sent a scurvy little rascal named Thomas D. Curtin, now in "peace," you send Herbert Kaufmann of *McClure's Magazine* to "prove" what you want your particular rabble to believe, namely that "Germany *can* Pay." Dirtier work for master or hireling it would be difficult to imagine.

Knowing what I do about so-called German propaganda, and the sorry figure it has cut during the war and after, the mere mention of it is enough to disgust me. The German people and their former ruling classes have learned nothing from the most terrible experience any people have ever had. German papers still reprint your lying and doctored news, or Reuter's, without pointing out or warning their readers against the falsehoods in every line. One might easily say that almost every word of news in an English newspaper must be regarded as propaganda of one kind or another. In one way I rejoice that the German people are such failures in this matter. The average German can no longer claim to stand on the same high level of civic and commercial morality as before the war. And yet there is no doubt that propaganda, as the Entente interprets it, does not suit his character because there is too much lying, cunning, deception, humbug, self-glorification and fakery connected with it. And yet, comically enough, in your *Times* attack upon me you speak, like an idiot, of the "ferocity" of German propaganda!

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote me that he had opened my brochure "An Open Letter to an English Officer" only in three places and had found three lies. The fire-eating knight had also eaten so much of the

malodorous refuse you had served up to him, that it was small wonder that white appeared to him as black and black as white. I refer to my reply at the end of this book.

But *you* have outdone me, for in four headlines you succeed in telling four lies, four real lies.

"Unrepentant Germany." Here am I, a solitary German-American who through stress of circumstances, is forced to live in Germany at present, represented as the whole of official Germany! It follows from the text of my book and may even be seen in the passages you quote, that I am writing purely as a private individual. But it suited your crooked and criminaloid mind to distort my private utterance into something official, just as it suits you and the frothing Frenchmen, the true "mad dogs" of Europe, if ever there were such, to represent Germany as "unrepentant." The gigantic arrogance and hypocrisy of this could go down only with a public so imbecile as the British. Will you be so good to tell me, my Lord of the Latrine, *why* Germany should be "repentant?" It is just as though one were to ask a man who had been shut up, starved, blackmailed, slandered, robbed of all his earthly possessions and then bludgeoned half to death by a gang of highwaymen, to repent. The German who still has his five wits and is capable of distinguishing between the folly of his government and rulers and the deliberate criminality of the enemies of his country, has nothing whatever to "repent."

The time for one like myself to speak or write of reconciliation between Germany and England is long since past. The action of England and the other powers during and after the Armistice, in particular France and

the United States as represented by Wilsonism in politics and transplanted Northcliffism in journalism, was enough to cure me of my pacifist illusions.

I saw with disgust and horror the barefaced and insolent betrayal of everything the great malefactors had professed to stand for.

I saw that they no more hesitated to cheat their millions of dupes and gulls openly in the matter of the peace than they had scrupled to cheat them with lying phrase and invented atrocity in order to make the poor wretches sacrifice life, limb and happiness in a war which could profit only the jingo, the capitalist and the journalist-profiteer like yourself.

I saw the four big conspirators sitting at Versailles like four old and obscene vultures, plotting how they could rob, humiliate and torture a nation which had trusted the solemn promise of a scoundrel, a nation of such superb quality that it could be overcome only as a courageous stag is overcome by a pack of wolves.

I saw the cold-blooded robbery of the German colonies by nations who are so over-burdened with land that they cannot hope ever to be able to settle or administer it properly, and whose colonial administration was in many cases a disgrace in comparison with Germany's modern methods, not to speak of the fact that Germany beyond all other lands required colonies and had acquired her own chiefly by peaceful means, instead of by the atrocious methods of England and France.

I saw the robbery of the magnificent German passenger ships which had beaten England's in size, speed, seamanship, cuisine and beauty of equipment.

I saw the cowards who had been so soundly licked on the seas by the ships of the young German navy, demand the surrender of these ships which they could not conquer by fair means.

I saw the war waged on German trade by such creatures as yourself and the great mob of inefficient, backward, indolent and ignorant manufacturers who, envious of Germany's superior methods and her success, thought it easier to call in a ruffian with a club to dispose of their competitor, than to improve one tittle or jot of their own antiquated methods.

I saw how creatures like yourself had made war ten times more hideous and terrible by the cowardly war which you and your breed had waged against *private* persons, *private* rights and *private* property. I thought of the infinite, incalculable misery and agony which you had brought down upon the heads of hundreds of thousands of harmless and helpless people, men, women and children, of all ages, in every land under the sun. And I also thought of the crimes which you have committed against the English people, which you have drugged and brutalized and degraded. Until they recognize their true enemies, exploiters and tyrants and decorate a few lamp-posts in the Strand with Northcliffe, Bottomley, *et al.*, they will continue to be bled and used as manure for your purposes and as gun-fodder for those of the imperialists whose ends you serve.

As I have always fought with an open visor, I pronounced myself from then until my dying day an outspoken enemy of England's. I resolved that I would bend all my energies towards helping the oppressed, robbed, starved and downtrodden victims of England's brutality to recover their freedom. And there

are signs that the insatiable and ageing glutton John Bull, has at last reached the point at which his monstrous paunch is in danger of bursting. His empire of stolen, conquered and subject lands and peoples from which he has sucked the blood so long, is beginning to crack in all its joints. I hope and pray that the day may soon come when Germany will be able to cast off or cut off the foul tentacle the English octopus has flung about her, when the gallant little Republic of Ireland will be freed of its British butchers and become a nation once again, when stolen Gibraltar will once more be Spanish soil, stolen Malta Italian, stolen Cyprus Greek, and the stolen German colonies German. When the last Briton will be driven out of the great empire of the Indian people where his reign has been cruel, relentless and bloody, where he has ravaged with sword and flame, from the days of Hastings to the days of Dyer at Amritsar, and built up Himalayas of corpses by famine, — India from which he has drawn endless loot and treasure and whose people he has degraded to a condition more abject than that which any native tyrant ever imposed upon them.

I hope to live to see the day when the unfortunate Egyptian people who are held in the most degrading form of mental and economic slavery, will be free from the great thief who pocketed their country in his usual shameless fashion, when an opportunity occured in the World War. I hope likewise that the day is not far distant when the Conquest of Canada, peaceful or by force of arms, will be an accomplished fact. American imperialism which has been taking lessons in John Bull's own school, will see to that, as it is already seeing to it that England's rule over the seas will soon be a thing of the past. Only

the other day an English minister of the government moaned: "America can afford to have the biggest navy in the world, we cannot." Already the financial centre of the world has been torn from England and given to her rival, a stronger, more crafty and ruthless one than Germany ever was or could have been. The vengeance to be visited upon the head of John Bull for his crimes in the course of history and especially during the course of this war, is at last due and it is drawing nearer and nearer, within and without. He shall yet be forced to swallow his own slums as well as his own slanders. The crippled alien peoples he trampled underfoot are one in spirit with the crippled victims of his imperialism who are now sitting and begging in his gutters.

"England Still the Enemy." This is, of course, literally the truth, if words in a Harmsworth sheet did not always mean something else than honest words mean to honest men. And so this, too, must be branded as a lie. What you mean to say by these words is that Germany as a whole still regards England as *the* enemy, as her chief enemy. I wish that this were true, for you are constantly proving that England *is* Germany's enemy, by just such venomous outpourings of hatred and baseness as the article under discussion. But the fact is, and no one knows this better than you and your hacks, Germany is foolish enough to allow herself to be misled by some of the liberal voices which reach her ears from certain English circles. I do not question the sincerity of these men who advocate reason and justice, and no one honours more highly than I do the humane work of the Englishmen and the English societies who are doing their utmost to make good some of the untold suffering occasioned here by the policies of the Lloyd

Georges and the Northcliffes. And among Englishmen I honor and revere the names of such men as E. D. Morel whom England jailed, of Bertrand Russell whom she drove from his position, of Jerome K. Jerome after his recovery from his brief debauch of war-enthusiasm, of the Rev. Richard Lee who fought for peace even during war, of Bernard Shaw whom the chauvinists have not wearied of reviling as a German agent because he told them what Englishmen can seldom stand — a few wholesome and unvarnished truths — and a number of other brave men, among them that gifted poet and former British diplomat, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.

But few Germans are able to penetrate the real English character and motives. They cannot see that England has no objection to allowing some of these liberal voices to be heard, nay, that she positively welcomes them because they tend to uphold the fiction of English liberty, liberalism and humanity throughout the world. The Old Freebooter and Highwayman, I repeat, does not mind these voices once they are no longer dangerous — that is, after he has secured his ill-gotten gains and made sure of his prey and booty. All that is part and parcel of his policy. And the simple or rather straight-minded German is deceived by these signs and thinks they show a spirit of reconciliation. Any such spirit that might lead to a better understanding, such as that of the Oxford professors' manifest which you attack and sneer at in the same issue, is at once reviled and made suspect. The German thinks that the English and English fair play (which despite all his horrible experiences he still regards as something really existent) will protect him against the more conspicuous cruelty, rapacity and beastliness of the French. He is

aware that at heart the Briton really loathes the Gaul and regards him as a salacious and cruel-hearted pimp. But what few Germans understand is that England is nevertheless content to let her Gallic Ally, the white Senegalese of Paris, do the dirtiest work, the butcheries, bulldozing, etc. of helpless populations delivered to their tender mercies and treated just as though no treaty of peace had ever been signed. He cannot believe that when the *Matin* gloats over the outraging of German women by the black Frenchmen, this joy is reechoed in Carmelite House. Only a few are able to realize that when the creature Daniels, the Berlin correspondent of the *London Times*, a true disciple of his master, tries to discredit the action for helping the sick and hungry children of Germany, he does this not because he is indignant at the excesses of German profiteers or "Schiebers," but because he does actually wish to prevent German children from deriving any benefit from contributions from abroad.

It is France whom Germany regards as her most brutal and savage enemy. But this, too, is part of English policy, the ancient policy of keeping Continental hatreds alive. It is not to be denied that the French maniacs and militarist poltroons are succeeding admirably in implanting into the hearts of the German people, a race which hates only with difficulty, a deep and abiding feeling of revenge which sooner or later will cause the German people, intrinsically a *young* nation, to settle the hash of this wretched old firebrand nation once and for all time. Such is the feeling engendered in the hearts of even the most peaceable and pacifistic Germans. They are a people who wish and always have wished merely to dwell in peace with their neighbours.

The French policy is also clear. It is, first, to drive the Germans to madness by incessant acts of cowardly oppression, insult, robbery and outrage, and, secondly, to use every German expression of wrath, protest and disgust, as a sign that Germany is not only "unrepentant" — to use your cant word — but also, as would be quite natural, meditating revenge. This, of course, is precisely what the French militarists and their British accomplices like yourself wish the Germans to do — in order to give them an excuse for still greater brutality and extortion. They are fully aware that Germany is disarmed and practically helpless, whilst they are armed to the teeth, and yet they persist in giving to the world this unparalleled example of cowardice and hypocrisy. Such a lie as that of the alleged Ludendorff military conspiracy and "plot" which you lately unloosed upon your lie-sodden victims of readers, was characteristic of your innate unscrupulousness and hatred of the truth.

"Propaganda in New Form." Lie No. 3. My brochure is neither propaganda as you mean propaganda, nor is the form new. The "Open Letter" is a mode of public address in use for centuries. But I have already pointed out the rank absurdity and glaring dishonesty of your attempt to present my patently private and personal opinions as official German propaganda.

"Seeking to Divide the Allies." This silly charge I have also already commented upon and shown it to be only one of your stock cant phrases and cries to be raised whenever you scent danger for the continued cohesion and adherence of that lump of tangled vipers known as the Allies. I repeat, though I have made no attempt to divide the Allies, it would give me great pleasure to be able to do so — preferably with an axe.

With your keen nose for the drift and changing odors of public opinion or what is accounted as such, you are no doubt aware of the growing hostility in my country, the United States, towards all and every form of that British propaganda and mental and emotional poison which maddened our people. You must be aware that the overwhelming repudiation of Wilsonism by the American people is at the same time a repudiation of Northcliffism. For by casting out Wilson, the abject serf of the British, the betrayer of his principles, his people and the hopes of the world, all sane Americans who are not under the domination of anglophile sycophants, have also given you the boot where it will do you most good. And the howls of rage directed recently against the British flag that insolently flaunted itself from the windows of the Union Club in New York, until the crowd tore it down and trampled it underfoot, were not only the howls of the Irish Americans. And the jeers and missiles that drove that shameless forger of our national history and debaucher of public opinion, George Haven Putnam off the platform at Brooklyn this autumn, are an augury of the reception that would await you were you to venture to face our now awakened people.*

You will be surprised to hear that that large influential and respectable body of Americans known as the German-American element — which you, Wilson and the brutal and hollow-headed Know-Nothings among the Anglo-American element, deemed fit game for insult and outrage — have also awakened. They have seen the folly of their abstention from politics and the affairs of

* See, for example, "The Poison in America's Cup," by Philip Francis, and "The Re-Conquest of America," published by the Littlebooks Library, Washington Square, New York.

government, and the bitter price they have been forced to pay for their indifference. They have become conscious of their real power and the tremendous weight of their numbers, if they chose only to let these operate; they have become conscious of the hollow fraud of alleged Anglo-Saxon "superiority" — a tin-pot idol forever toppled from its perch by the German sword — and are resolved that never again shall a hyphenated anglomaniac President or a putrid, Northcliffized press drag their country into a war which does not concern their country. To the social snobbery of the "Mayflower" tradition, and the degenerate Puritanism of the "Pilgrim's Society," they have replied with the foundation of the "Concord Society," and the "Steuben Society," both of them commemorating great and solid German achievements in early American history.*

Being ignorant yourself of the actual America and the actual Germany, it is one of the mad ironies of the war and your vicious activities in it that you should be dependent for the success of your propaganda campaign upon the obscene services of a venal and degenerate German American Jew, Frederick William Wile (*natus* Weil), born at Mannheim.

The stupid and scurrilous comment you make upon the passages you have quoted from my pamphlet, merits no reply. I would merely remark that the usual low insinuation common to your sheets to the effect that I am one "who has seen fit, doubtless for compelling reasons, to return to the land of his birth," leaves me untouched by the dirt you would fling. *I* left the United States precisely because *you* entered it with your

* See "1683—1920" by that splendid American of German descent, Frederick Franklin Schrader, Uga Publishing Co., 6 Union Square, New York.

fanaticism and your foulness, and because men like you and that Australian "Sidney Cove" — Rathom of the *Providence Journal*, were permitted to spread their muck throughout the land. Of my fight against these pernicious influences you may read elsewhere. And what I have written of your influence in America applies in a still greater measure to your influence in England. I will requote one of the passages you quote from my Open Letter to Major White:

> "A terrible charge must be levelled against the reponsible men in your country. They permitted that arch-criminal, that blood-stained scourge of mankind, Lord Northcliffe, to saturate the entire nature of the English people with his slime, to kill every compunction of conscience, every humane sentiment, every impulse towards peace. They permitted an infamous Press to murder and to blaspheme humanity in picture and in print."

That charge still holds good — in fact it is being reinforced every day as the deadly evidence is piled up against you. And I observe that all the portions of my Open Letter referring to you personally are quoted in the two columns you have devoted to it. I do not, of course, assert that this article was written by you personally, even though you are said to be an occasional contributor to your papers. It is possible that this comment upon my book was hashed up by one of your serfs, possibly by Wile himself. It is peculiar that all the passages holding you up to contempt and obloquy are quoted with particular relish. This would seem to bear out the fact that you are hated and loathed by your employees — a fact well-known in journalistic circles in England. The brutality and unscrupulousness you manifest towards your employees — I have in mind an account given me of your treatment of two editors of your *London Magazine*, — is characteristic, as a writer

in a Chicago paper has put it, "of the upstart, the bully and the journalistic profiteer."

*

"Unrepentant Germany:" If there be one human being in this world, apart from the abject and despised figure of Wodrow Wilson, (made more contemptible in the light of the moral lunacy that awarded him the Nobel Peace Prize) — if there be *one* person in whom repentance would be becoming, it is Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, Ex-Minister of Propaganda in Enemy Countries. Sackcloth and ashes, in lieu of a rope or a dose of ratsbane, would well become the man who is largely responsible for placing the world in sackcloth and ashes.

Precisely as the sinister hypocrite in the White House is now seen even by the dullest boob of an American 100 % patrioteer, to have been the evil genius of the United States, so the day must come when the English people will trace their downfall and degeneracy and the dissolution of their empire to the years in which the King of the Gutter Press was permitted to attain to imperial power and to become a factor in their destinies. As Mr. A. G. Gardiner has proved in his celebrated pamphlet, you are more directly and more deeply responsible for bringing on this catastrophic war than any other person in England. That it would also prove a catastrophe for your own country and for all Europe, a man of your shallow nature, could not, of course, foresee. For it sufficed your jingo-journalist's itch for fomenting trouble and hatred, for cheap sensationalism, falsehood and the cadging of pence, that you should be able to launch some kind of war, preferably against a highly-educated, efficient and industrious

people who, as H. G. Wells declared, before your poison and your pounds infected him, were beating England in every field of peaceful human endeavour and progress.

If your cunning and your instinct for scenting the situation have not entirely left you, you must be able to see, my Lord, that your calculations were very much out. Have you ever drawn a balance since the war began — I mean one that has nothing to do with your ledgers? Perhaps I may be able to assist you a little.

It is true that England's immediate rival, who wished merely to be a participant in peaceful trade, is for the present eliminated.

But in Germany's stead, two new rivals, far more formidable and dangerous and unscrupulous, confront England — American commercialism and Japanese sweated industry. Your "war on enemy trade" has merely succeeded in making two competitors grow where one grew before.

It is true that the German navy, which despite your alarmist falsehoods, was never intended for an attack upon the British, has been eliminated, after having proved that it and not its huge enemy, possessed the true "Nelson touch." And I rejoice that the last touch of that Nelson touch sank the gallant German ships in the very harbours of the British thief.

But the American navy, which is secretly itching to try its strength with the British, has grown enormously and will soon outrank the British in quantity and quality — with the inevitable consequences. The Japanese navy, as your Lordship may be aware, is also rapidly overtaking the navy of the sweating and senile John Bull.

Before the war the military prestige of England,

despite the terrible knocks it got in the fight with the peasants of the Boer Republics, was still fairly intact.

But now the whole world has seen the inner weakness and hollowness of the British Empire and the British army when faced by a really strong nation, instead of the little peoples on whose ruination its glory has been built up. I repeat: in four years of fighting the forces of the *whole* British Empire, aided by those of the *whole* French empire and all their swarms of allies, subject peoples, slaves and dupes, as well as by the munitions and supplies of the whole world, battered themselves to pieces against the German lines, or were driven like sheep for whole leagues before them — *by a mere portion of the German army.* Once again, think of this when your papers next open their blatant throats to emit the roar of "victory!" Or when you drip muddy tears upon the cenotaph in Whitehall or the grave of the "Unknown Warrior," — poor dupe of the Northcliffes and Churchhills. If a spark of true soldierly spirit were left in the England you have debauched, there would be no glorifying of what is practically, by a test of four whole years, a terrible military disgrace for England and France. The truth is, of course, too bitter for your kind of Englishman to acknowledge, but I will set it down for you here: France and England were practically beaten to a finish and the cocked hat was yawning for them. Then, at the eleventh hour, my adopted country rescued you. It would therefore behoove you to be dumb about a "victory" which you have never won, and grateful for your *rescue.* You will not, of course, confess your inferiority to the Germans — yet it is manifest to the world.

Before the war your trade was brisk and British goods were sold all over the world.

But your notorious "War upon Enemy Trade" has merely been converted into a war upon *your* trade by your own allies and "friends."

It is true that British Imperialism has succeeded in looting the German colonies and adding hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory it cannot cultivate and millions of subject people it cannot govern, to those who already curse its rule day and night.

But, as I have already indicated, this is but the final gorging of the glutton's taut and swollen paunch, something which will fill his ageing carcase with many new diseases — before the final collapse.

Before the war Ireland was a troublesome problem. It was surely one of the factors which decided the British government to declare its nefarious war, since it hoped thereby to smother this problem.

But now gallant little Ireland has become a fatality. She demands that "right of self-determination of small peoples" which you shouted most loudly through the world so long as it could be used as a weapon against other nations. Today Ireland gives the flaming lie to the hulking Bully of the World and carries on her heroic war against him. For seven hundred years he has tried to turn Ireland into a graveyard — we may yet live to see Ireland become his own grave.

India, before the war, was at least lethargic and her oppressor was enabled with the help of corrupt and denaturalized native princes to sacrifice thousands of her sons for her own imperialistic ends and their continued enslavement.

Today India, which is a still vaster grave for British world-tyranny than Ireland, is a mass of seething hatred, discontent and rebellion. It remembers the butchery of

Amritsar which threw light upon that "loyalty" you always advertised so extensively. And an icy terror clutches England's heart when she sees the victim of her greed holding out both arms to a new deliverer — Bolshevism!

Before the war Egypt was a playground for the British, and sometimes also a gallow's hill, as at Denshawi, that typical example of British justice towards the natives.

During the war the arch-thief of territory feloniously annexed it — in the very midst of his loudest bawling about the sanctity of treaties — despite all his solemn pledges and promises to evacuate the land. Today, even in the eyes of the humblest *fellah*, the Briton is the murderous despoiler of the land of the Nile. What was it that Napoleon said of Egypt and England?

Before the war the labouring and the submerged classes of England were more or less content with the doles given them, and the slums hid their despair.

Today, after having been kicked into a uniform and taught to fight and kill for their masters, after having had their women-folk corrupted with lavish blood-money, they have realized that their only enemies are the blood-sucking aristocratic-capitalistic classes and the strumpetted journalism that supports their interests. Even the "dope" with which you fed these masses is beginning to lose its effect. The social structure in England will be wrecked in part by one who was an office-boy and afterwards acquired a peerage.

Before you had carried your point and brought about the war on which you had set your heart, the British colonies were open to all Englishmen.

Today they are already barricading their doors against the multitudes of England's unemployed to whom

you promised such a glorious harvest, such hoopla, happy times — after the war — *your* "war on enemy trade." And now these victors and heroes and "Britons who never will be slaves" are doomed to beg and starve and fester just as though they were mere aliens.

I might proceed thus, point for point, far beyond the number of 14, to draw the deadly parallel to prove what Northcliffism has done for England. I might refer to the stagnation of her intellectual, spiritual and artistic life — in contrast to the remarkable and vital activity in thought, science, literature and art in broken and suffering Germany, but that is not my province.

I believe that I have said enough to indicate that the historian of the future will be able to trace the downfall of England to that period in which the destinies of that country were entrusted to a demagogue in politics like Lloyd George and to an incendiary war-monger and hate-breeder in journalism like Alfred Harmsworth.

You see, my lord, true to my German birth, I have been very frank, and true to my American bringing-up, very blunt. That is something which one of your spiritual make-up will scarcely appreciate. And yet perhaps even *you* will acknowledge that as a mere matter of technique, a plain German-American merchant, armed with nothing but a love of truth and justice and a healthy contempt for rogues, need not fear to face the Ex-Minister of Propaganda in Enemy Countries and nail him to the wall as a menace to human society in *every* country, including his own.

Do you not think, my Lord, that it is you, rather than Germany or myself, who have reason to repent?

Ferdinand Hansen.

APPENDIX

THE EXCHANGE OF LETTERS WITH SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Telegrams:
Crowborough
Nat. Tel. No. 77

Windlesham,
Crowborough,
Sussex

Feb. 12/20.

Sir:

Your little book will have an effect for evil both here and in America. There was a tendency to be sorry for Germany and to soften the peace terms, but such signs that her people are unchanged will influence our activities.

I only opened the book in three places and came upon a lie in each page. The first was that the German graves had been desecrated. I was myself in Peronne in September 1918 and saw the graves in perfect order. Second that 26,000 Boer women and children died of hunger. No Boer woman or child died of hunger, though many Boers and British, both in camps and towns died of a great scarlet fever epidemic. Third, that a Briton called a Corean a "nigger". That is impossible for no yellow man is ever called a nigger. It would not be sense.

Germany has largely brought all this trouble upon herself by lies. She will never get out of it until her people learn to understand and to tell the truth.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

THE REPLY BY FERDINAND HANSEN.

Sir:

Somewhat belatedly—owing to a tour through southern Germany—I take up your letter of Feb. 12th, with its comments upon my "Open Letter to an English Officer." Your opinion that my little book may have "an effect for evil" may be right in that it may have an evil effect upon such men as you. Its effect upon the broad-minded, humane and enlightened Englishman,

conscious of his country's crimes, and upon the thinking American, recovered from his nightmare and the British venom pumped into his veins, is anything but evil. This is proved by the letters which have reached me. Better Britons than yourself have asked for additional copies to distribute in your country.

You err, however, in assuming that this book is written by a German, or even from an orthodox German point of view. Though born in Hamburg and of Danish descent, I have been a resident of the United States since my sixteenth, a citizen since my twenty-first, year. My "Open Letter" was written as an American, and not as a German citizen.

It is, I am sorry to say, characteristic of your mentality and your methods, as revealed during the war, that you should profess to have "only opened" a book of 87 pages in three places and to have come upon a lie in each page. I shall not venture to criticize your faulty placing of the word "only" and your misuse of the world "each," as a German friend of mine has done, for not being a famous English literary man, I am all too conscious of my own weaknesses in syntax. But it is clear that you are not telling the truth, for one does not, as a rule, take the trouble to write a letter to the author of a book which one treats so superficially and contemptuously.

Or are you guilty of delivering a snap judgment without having paid any attention to the facts and arguments in my book?

Since you declare that you came upon three lies in three pages, that fine sporting spirit for which you are famous and which you have upheld so nobly during the war, should have led you to persevere in the chase. You might then, my noble knight, have bagged, according to the law of averages, some 87 lies.

Applying one's knowledge of human nature and a bit of that Sherlock-Holmesian power of deduction which distinguished the better and brighter days of that famous detective's father, it is to be assumed that you permitted your curiosity and your desire to annihilate me, to browse upon more than three pages of my brochure. With all its faults, I dare say it must have made rather unusual reading for you. Why so prominent a champion of Britain's official truths should have deigned to answer a three-fold liar would otherwise remain a three-fold mystery.

As to the "lies", you say:

"I was myself in Peronne in September 1918, and saw the graves in perfect order." One might smile at such logic from the author of Sherlock Holmes. First, I made no mention of Peronne, and secondly, is Peronne the only place where German soldiers are buried? I had written (on page 55): "When the Germans made their great offensive in 1918, and reconquered the evacuated territory, they found their trim cemeteries desecrated in the most unspeakable manner, the German graves defiled, the crosses torn up, and foul inscriptions written upon the German monuments, when these happened to have been left standing".

My sources of information were not only the official reports and photographs and newspaper accounts, but photographs taken privately upon the spot by officers and men with whom I am acquainted—not to speak of the descriptions they gave.

You are also wrong in point of time. It was after the Germans in their last great offensive in 1918 had recaptured districts which they had lost the year before, that they found the graves defiled. One of the worst places was Nesle—where the vandalism was entirely due to the French. Would you like photographic proof yourself? You will find it, for example, in No. 39, 1918, of *"Der Grosse Krieg,"* published by Georg Stilke, Berlin. It is rather reckless of you, Sir Arthur, to call me a liar for what is so clearly demonstrable as this desecration of soldiers' graves.

If you are able to read German papers I will be glad to send you further details—if you are able to read French, you will find them yourself—exceedingly interesting suggestions on the part of your chivalrous allies as to what should be done with the German graves in France, suggestions reflecting that lofty civilization and humanity characteristic of what I should call the Sene-Gallic savage. Since then countless graves of German heroes have been desecrated by the French ghouls, opened and the skulls sold to trippers from Paris.

That no Boer woman or child died of hunger in Kitchener's humane concentration camps might have found some credence in Germany before the war—if not in Ireland or India. For the Germans as a rule had a great affection for England. But after the untold cruelties and abominations practised by England in

her criminal war against a land that had never wronged her, the Germans, and the world in general, know better. As well might you say no woman or child died of starvation in Germany—that they merely succumbed to exhaustion as a result of lack of food occasioned by the blockade. Several million of needless graves in Russia also attest the efficiency of Britain's favorite and heroic weapon when applied to the helpless people of a former ally.

What Englishman will next arise to say that the 1200 defenceless Hindoos slaughtered in cold blood by Butcher Dyer and the 3600 left weltering on the ground at Amritsar, were pure fictions of the fancy?

As to the Boers, you appear to have forgotten that that noble Englishwoman Emily Hobhouse, exposed these horrors of hunger and disease in her book "The Brunt of the War." You also appear to forget, to use less drastic language than yourself—that you are not writing fiction.

Again you call me a liar for saying that an Englishman had, in my presence, called a yellow person a "nigger." I am not concerned with the technical or ethnological exactness of English terms of contempt for "the lesser tribes without the law." But if your objection could be read in the white men's clubs of the Far East, there would be many a roar of laughter. Why, the Briton has succeeded in conveying a sneer of contempt even into the innocent word "native." It is, of course, probable that he has grown a little more careful in stigmatizing the yellow races—since he linked himself with the Jap. "That it would not be sense" would certainly not deter him from calling the darker races "niggers," — any more than it deterred him from calling the German people "Huns."

To say that Germany has largely brought all this trouble upon herself by lies, is a bit of unforgivable insolence in the face of the terrific odds she was forced to face, and the "peace" which the Entente brigands and blackmailers engineered at Versailles. It is doubly revolting to hear such cant from the lips of a subject of that nation which saturated the world with lies, and some of whose leading journalistic liars have just been granted titles and honours by your King. Why, England's entire cause and

campaign and the world-wise pestilence of her propaganda were one colossal lie. Not for decades will humanity recover from the effects of this deluge of falsehood.

Those who really know the German people and know them at their best, know that there is no race on Earth that is more fanatically, even suicidally truthful—from Bethmann Hollweg's frank and manly if foolish confession about Belgium, (called "cynical" by the English) to the blind self-immolation of those madmen who see the mote in their own eyes and never the beam in their enemies'.

How ignorant you are of the real Germany, Sir Arthur! It is an ignorance that makes you utter mean stupidities now, as during the war it caused you to foam at the mouth and hound on the rabble like a Harmsworth Hun. I think the real trouble with you is psychological, perhaps even pathological. You are suffering from the "inferiorty complex." As an ultrapatriotic Briton of the old school, you simply cannot forgive the German for having proved himelf in so many ways the moral, mental and physical superior of the Briton during the war.

I think all the sane and fair-minded among your countrymen are ashamed of Britain's part in the war, are freeing themselves from the obsessions bred by your press, and trying to undo some of the wrongs inflicted upon this unfortunate people. The narrow and jingo-minded Englishman, on the contrary, continues his hate and abuse and expects Germany to prostrate herself as a penitent sinner at Britannia's feet. A third class, rubbing its hands over the markets, colonies, ships, patents, and property of which that bloated pirate robbed Germany, is once more pouring forth a flood of unctuous hypocrisy about England's desire to forget and forgive.

The first class of Englishmen I admire and respect—they are the conscience of their country. The lunacy and fury of the second class (to which you belong) I can understand and in some measure pity. But the third class is utterly abominable. Yet it is this class that reflects England's traditional policy—first slander to justify war; then robbery as punishment for the victim and reward for the victor; then piety in the name of the Pax Britannica and the god Profit. There are signs, however, that the game is up.

Since the truth must finally dawn upon you too, and since I believe that you will be man enough to confess to error, even at the price of a false patriotism, the day cannot be far off when you too will feel heartily ashamed of your country's action and your own during the war. When that day comes, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will always redeem himself by demanding justice for Germany.

Ferdinand Hansen.

*

From a wood-cut by Dr. D[illegible]
Hessen, Germany

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

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Ferdinand Hansen.

The [illegible] from a wood-cut by Dr. Dan[illegible] Hessen, Germany.

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